

The Harpeth Hall

Της Ωρδοφ Ηαρπετη Ηαλλ

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Number One

Au Revoir, Nos Amies Francaises

Three French students live it up in Nashvegas

by Page Curry

Last month you might have noticed a few girls in the hall who weren't speaking the same language as you. This fall 35 students from Caen, France were in Nashville for 6 weeks as part of a sister city exchange program. They lived with host families and went to various high school around Nashville. Three students from Caen were here with us at Harpeth Hall. Their names are Marlene Jeanne, Cecile Bousset and Helene Landemore, and they were all able to offer some interesting insight into the differences between French and American schools.

The French girls said

that they noticed the wonderful relationships we have with our teachers. In France they know their teacher's names, but that's about all. Also, the French girls said that their school systems are set up differently. They go to school from 8-5, with 1-and-a-half hours for lunch. They also commented on the tremendous amount of homework we have.

All of the French students really adapted to the American way of life. They ate peanut butter on EVERYTHING and, in the Southern swing of things, they even tried chicken and

dumplings! The French students loved the festive atmosphere at the Nashville Sounds Baseball Game, and some of them even sang along to "Take me out to the ballgame!"

The girls were amazed at how friendly and social we are in the halls between classes. In France, they said, they never talk to people they don't know; they don't even talk that much with their friends! They were equally friendly back. One afternoon in TCBY I turned around and one of the French boys had the girl at the counter cutting him a sample from each different

cookie! They adapted well to American foods-if you had stopped the girls in the hall and asked them their favorite food... "FROZEN YOGURT!", would have been their answer- true HH girls.

The exchange was great for everyone involved. At school the girls took part in everything from dance clubs to chemistry, and they saw most of Nashville in the afternoons and on weekends!

Jeanne, Cecile, and Helene are hopeful that next summer Nashvillians will be able to go and visit the students in Caen!

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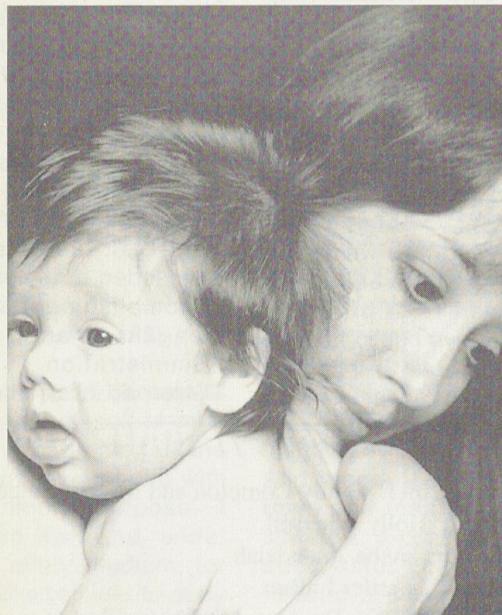


photo courtesy of Janette Klocko

Faculty babies are becoming as common on the Harpeth Hall campus as plaid kilts. Last spring, two babies joined the family.

Jasmin Elise Klocko, the daughter of drama teacher Janette Klocko, was born on March 18, 1992. "She's the cutest, sweetest baby, with the most hair!" said Mrs. Klocko. At this writing, there is a possibility Jasmin will make her first stage appearance in the fall musical *Pippin*.

On June 12, 1992, Madeleine Elise Hooper, the daughter of college counselor Phil Hooper, was born. He said he has collected four messages from Madeleine on his answering machine in his office.



photo by Sarah Walton

If homelessness concerns you, but you don't know how to help, Common Cents is a very easy way to get involved. Look for the purple collection boxes around the school: they're in the cafeteria, Bear Lair, Senior House, Library, and Souby Hall. When you have change in your hands, drop it into the nearest box. The money goes directly to homeless

charities in Nashville. Last year Common Cents at Harpeth Hall raised over \$600 in the last eight weeks of school. So please, be generous and help Harpeth Hall be a responsible part of the Nashville community.

-Emily Compton

Annually, school spirit is one of the major issues discussed at the Leadership Conference. Once again,

this year's conference brought proposals aimed for promoting school-wide spirit and community. But this year, it seems that thoughts and plans were already rolling before the organizational conference began. A JV cheerleading squad has been established, consisting of freshmen who in the past years have cheered for MBA freshman

basketball. Hopefully, the new squad will promote JV sports as well as Harpeth Hall cheerleading, which already seems to be on the rise.

In addition, a Pep Club has been created. This club will be headed by a Spirit Council consisting of ten students: Freshmen Laura Boaz and Katie Stevens; Sophomores Elizabeth Oglesby and Mary

Hunt Martin; Juniors Charlotte West and Lissa Ezell; and Seniors Noni Nielsen, Frances Smith, Alexis Reed, and Rebecca Hoke. The Council will plan events promoting many different sports and clubs, and will possibly sponsor spirit weeks and even the first ever Harpeth Hall Homecoming. - Alexis Reed

To Prell or...



Editorial Policy
Logos II invites both students and faculty to submit letters to the editor or articles expressing personal views. Writings can be published under a pseudonym or without a by-line, by arrangement with the Editors-in-Chief. No anonymous submissions will be accepted.

The Editors of Logos II

Is the sacrifice for a gold medal too great?

by Holly Whetsell

When asked how she would like to be remembered when she dies, the young American gymnast Shannon Miller says, "...as the gold-medalist, all around!" I cannot comprehend how a fifteen year old teenage girl is capable of viewing life in this way, or how any parents can allow this to happen.

Now don't misunderstand me. I absolutely love the Olympics. I believe that the Olympics is an outstanding opportunity for an athlete to strive to meet his or her fullest potential while at the same time bringing together the countries of the world for a single cause. I feel that it is wrong for those particular gymnasts to live as though the gold medal at Barcelona is the sole value in their precious lives.

As quoted in Time magazine, these female American gymnasts who vied for the Barcelona gold are probably among some of the world's toughest athletes. Having no other true sources for motivation towards happiness, these teens sometimes have problems with channeling their frustrations in a positive light. "Each works in silence with steely concentration coming down hard on herself when a move isn't going right and sometimes getting teary with frustration." "Two times daily,

(continued on page 3)

by Amy Lowen

A couple of weeks ago I changed brands of shampoo. I'd over-estimated the natural balance of chemicals in my hair, and was using a shampoo for normal hair, causing an oily buildup. After I changed to a normal-to-oily type, not only did the oils stop forming, but they disappeared.

Oddly enough, our country is currently in a similar condition as my head was two weeks ago. Under the Republican reign of ideology and ignorance, problems have steadily worsened. Arkansas governor Bill Clinton, as President, will end the growth of problems in America and create solutions for existing issues. It is past time to end the greed of Reagan's eighties, to rid America of the paralysis of Bush's government, and to obliterate the prospect of Dan Quayle as President.

In spite of the pessimistic view the press has taken, our choices are not between the "lesser of two evils." With the current state of our economy, national health insurance, and race relations, the media has no excuse to dwell on such inconsequential matters as the marital infidelity of EITHER candidate. This election is not about such trivia. It is a time for hope and change. The Democratic ticket offers both, with men young enough to steer the country towards rebirth and experienced enough to avoid idealism.

Looking at the real issues, here are some examples of what Bill Clinton and Al Gore will bring to Pennsylvania Avenue:

- The chance to appoint justices to the Supreme court who have both compassion for and commitment to the Bill of Rights -- not a justice in the mold of Bush's Clarence Thomas
- A Vice-President whose leadership will finally make the protection of the environment a serious issue in government
- Health insurance at lower costs for EVERYONE
- A strong commitment to improving race relations. In Arkansas, the governor fostered black enterprise,

resulting in a significant drop in black unemployment. Somehow, Bush's campaign manager, James Baker, plans to use these affirmative actions against Clinton by portraying him as "a liberal who panders to blacks, gays, and radical feminists." Bush himself has ignored suggestions by Housing and Urban Development Secretary Jack Kemp on encouraging businesses in the inner-cities to improve relations.

- College loans available to everyone
- The end of party divisions between the Democratic Congress and Republican executive branch which keep important bills from being passed; even a Republican Congressman, Vin Weber of Minnesota, admits he's "frightened by the prospect of four more years of gridlock" caused by a President who "doesn't like the idea of doing battle with Congress"
- A welfare program which, like Arkansas "Project Success", offers schooling, job training, and work experience; Arkansas has taken 6,000 people off welfare rolls since the program's establishment in 1989
- A President whose record shows commitment -- not just talk -- to the improvement of education; Clinton has increased funding for schools in Arkansas, instituted competency tests for teachers, and set tough standards for every public school in the state
- A President who faces the economic problems of the country: Clinton will institute tax breaks similar to those which helped spur \$8.2 billion dollars of industry in Arkansas and attempt to lessen the burden of middle-class taxation.

This is an important agenda which Bill Clinton and Al Gore have the ability to stick to and thus re-shape America. Once in power, they will not be able to solve all of our country's major problems. They will, however, begin a much-needed national rejuvenation. It will all begin this January, if Bill Clinton is inaugurated President of the United States.

Get involved...register to vote!

not to Prell?

by Carole Ann Troutt

Since the Democratic convention in July, Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton and his caravan of liberals have launched a series of attacks against President George Bush. Clinton has not only blatantly distorted the record of George Bush, but also feels that he must run against the legacy of Ronald Reagan in order to bring home the "Reagan Democrats" to the Democratic Party. Governor Clinton seems to be trying to revise the history of the past twelve years to win this election.

Clinton, whose own state ranks forty-eighth in percentage of population living in poverty, began his series of lies by stating that social spending in the past twelve years created widespread homelessness while leaving the poor to fend for themselves and on welfare. This is the most oft-quoted, yet most unsubstantiated, myth. According to the Congressional Research Service (no friend of Republicans), spending on health care increased sixty-three per cent to over \$31 billion. Housing funds increased sixty-five per cent, while income support rose another \$2.5 billion. Government funds to the poor increased. Likewise, President Bush has encouraged new welfare-to-work initiatives, and expanded his programs which allows public housing residents to buy their homes.

Governor Clinton

has said that George Bush has been more concerned about U.S. relationships with world powers, and blatantly ignored America's domestic problems, such as unemployment. It's true that the United States has made trade agreements with Japan, Europe, Canada, and Mexico, and that Bush has made the country deeply involved in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO); it's also true that these actions have created more than 1.8 billion trade-related jobs for Americans.

Clinton has also said that most of the 20 million jobs created in the 1980's were at McDonald's instead of Ford. The Democrats cannot understand that more jobs were created under Republican economic policies than at any other time in history. The Bureau of Labor Statistics reports that thirty-three per cent were professional jobs, with a median income of \$33,000 per annum. Nineteen per cent were production jobs with a median salary of \$26,000, while new technical jobs were created with a median salary of \$21,000. "McJobs" accounted for only sixteen per cent of all jobs created in the last twelve years.

However, such lies do make good copy; Governor Clinton and his band of liberals have succeeded in distorting the accomplishments of the Reagan and Bush administration. Maybe Clinton did inhale after all.

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Who are the teachers in your neighborhood?

by Beth Davis

Harpeth Hall students were extremely lucky to gain thirteen new teachers this year. They specialize in drama, chemistry, and almost every subject in between. Two of these incoming teachers, Legare Vest and Rene Copeland, had a lot to say about the new experience.

Legare Vest, the new chemistry teacher, was raised in Nashville, and she had many Harpeth Hall friends when she was growing up. She has many connections to Nashville, including her sister Crispin Davis, a junior at Harpeth Hall.

Mrs. Vest, when asked about her first impression of Harpeth Hall, commented that she has "always been impressed by the close friendships the

Harpeth Hall girls make in the all girls' atmosphere of this school." She went on to say that the girls at Harpeth Hall balance academics and extra-curriculars in ways which create "well-rounded and confident young women." The only thing Mrs. Vest would change at Harpeth Hall is the false conception that science is unimportant on today's world.

Rene Copeland joined the Harpeth Hall faculty as a drama teacher. Teaching drama, Mrs. Copeland says, allows her to revitalize [her] own works as a theatre artist." Teaching also gives her an opportunity to be with her two sons after school and still be involved in the theatre.

Mrs. Copeland joked that her first impression of Harpeth Hall students is that they all dress alike. She

Do you have a...

Date Dilemma?

by Maya Narula

Have you ever been on the phone with a guy trying to think of something different to do on a date? Well, I have found an inexpensive, romantic, and interesting way to solve this dilemma and have fun. Go on a carriage ride! Many of you probably didn't even know that carriage rides existed in Nashville.

In order to take a carriage you must go downtown at night to Riverfront Park where there are waiting stations for the rides. An attendant will take your name and inform you that your wait will be about 30 minutes. Meanwhile, you may gaze at the Cumberland River or brouse through the shops on the Riverfront. When your wait is up, you

board a 2 or 4 person carriage and pay the driver \$5 for each person riding. Then a photographer will come up and offer to take your picture for \$5. Your ride consists of a 30 minute drive up Broadway, 1st Avenue, 2nd, and so on.

You will find that a carriage ride provides the perfect atmosphere to people-watch, or share an intimate conversation. Your friendly driver will offer you a guided tour of downtown Nashville, but most likely you will want to pass up the explanation of historic Fort Nashboro.

After the ride, you should tip the driver and claim your photograph. My friend was right when he said, "It's a great way to finish off a romantic evening."

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Olympics...

(continued from page 2)

six days weekly, year after year, they labor in airless gymnasiums to master and reinvent the most difficult flips, twists, and spins. Often they work in spite of painful strains, sprains, and stress fractures. And always they work with the dark knowledge that the slightest bobble or a judge's caprice could mean the hundredth-of-a-point deduction that robs them of their glory."

Mrs. Copeland closed by thanking everyone who has made her feel at home. She thinks Harpeth Hall is a terrific school and she is pleased to be here.

Stay tuned for more about the teachers at Harpeth Hall in the next *Logos II*.

this could be viewed as more of an outlet from the general frustrations of life: boys, girls, grades.... Though it appears that way, these teens have no mental or emotional escape from the ongoing pressure of the competition of their sport. "Kim Zmeskal of Houston, the reigning all-world champion, battles persistent pain from a stress fracture in her left wrist and the psychological pressure of being the person everyone else wants to beat."

Meanwhile, thousands of admiring athletes in the world are also suffering through this demanding schedule, hoping to accomplish their similar goals.

Leadership begins here



photo by Liza Lentz

Senior leaders Caroline West, Jasmine Ahmadi, Whitney Jones, and Anna Williams brush up on their oh-so important billiards skills.

by Stephanie Smartt

What do marshmallows, energizers, and strategy groups all bring to mind? Well, I sure hope that seventy of you said the 1992 Harpeth Hall Leadership Conference.

Seventy upper school students got to Harpeth Hall at 7:45 in the morning (no doubt the first time since May) on August 19 to pile onto buses and head for Eva, Tennessee. Honestly, many of us were not looking forward to this school-like experience after three months of being brain-dead. Once we arrived, however, we quickly realized that this place didn't really look *that* bad. Plus, it gave us all a chance to catch up

on each other's summer experiences.

After a few announcements and an energizer (slap, slap, clap, clap, grrr!), we got down to the serious business of learning how to become good leaders. We met in club organizational meetings until dinner.

That evening's meeting included a high-spirited and sometimes frustrating discussion, during which students talked about everything from water bottle privileges to diversification of the student body. Later that evening, there was a well-deserved bonfire, complete with s'mores. After winding down, most of us soon went to sleep.

The next day's events began with brief class meetings, followed by an obstacle course activity. We learned how to work together and have fun by jumping over alligator-infested waters, being lifted through a spider web, and saving a baby from a volcano.

After more meetings, lunch, more and more meetings, proposals, and evaluations, we loaded onto the buses once again and returned to the land of civilization, fast food, and concrete.

All in all, we lost some sleep, but we gained many more ideas, bug bites, experience, and enthusiasm: "Let us lift up our minds AND spirits!"

A group of partying sophomore rendezvous with Mitch the loner and the Destin gang."

-Sophomores Cecy Lovvorn, Ginny Richter, Katharine Alden

I couldn't have survived the summer without them!"

-Sophomore Mary Creagh

My summer Russian guy is the hottest! He is 20 years old with muscles, a 6'2" frame, and a motorcycle.

-Sophomore Yonit Adelstein

Every time our eyes met, he didn't have a shirt on and he had no intent of putting it back on.

-Sophomore Carrie Daniels

I went on vacation this summer leaving my boyfriend behind. He and a friend came to visit me, and when I returned home, a new boyfriend was mine!

-Anonymous

A senior from Massachusetts stole my heart with his emotional words that flowed on the paper.

-Anonymous

I was asked to go out with a guy I can't stand. Refusing, I went with another guy instead. The one I refused appeared on the scene of the date. Was it planned, or was it fate?

-Junior Courtney Nuttall

[Hysterical laughter]

-Sophomore Catherine Blackburn

Imagine a beautiful ocean, moonlit nights on the beach and a million hick guys drooling their southern drawls all over you. Scary, isn't it?

-Amy and Meg

It was definitely an experience!

-Freshman Elizabeth Workman

I met a guy at a Sounds game. He was sitting in front of me talking to his friend. I leaned over to talk to him and he gave me a strange look saying "I speak no English!" I didn't realize when he was talking, it was French he spoke. Now, I am taking French and writing to Francois.

-Freshman Tara Switter

The Boys of Summer



The spelunking Science Clubbers pose for a picture with their guide, Brian, after crawling through the Illinois Caverns last June

photo courtesy of the Science Club



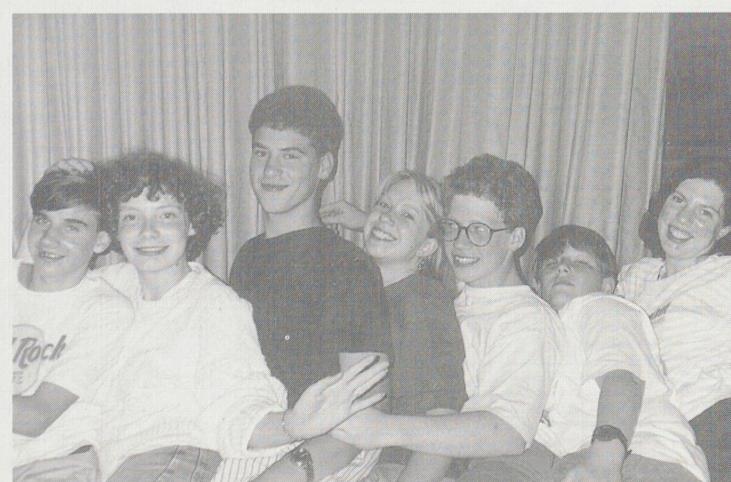
The Tennessee delegation to the National Junior Classical League convention at San Diego State University dons their classical wear for the Roman procession

photo by Joyce Ward



David Howerton begins an inauspicious modelling career as one of Sarah and Julie's corpses. Story on page 7.

photo courtesy of Sarah and Julie



Seven sensitive poets crowd onto a three-person sofa at the Young Fugitives Writers Workshop at Vanderbilt. Story on page 6.

photo by Sarah Walton

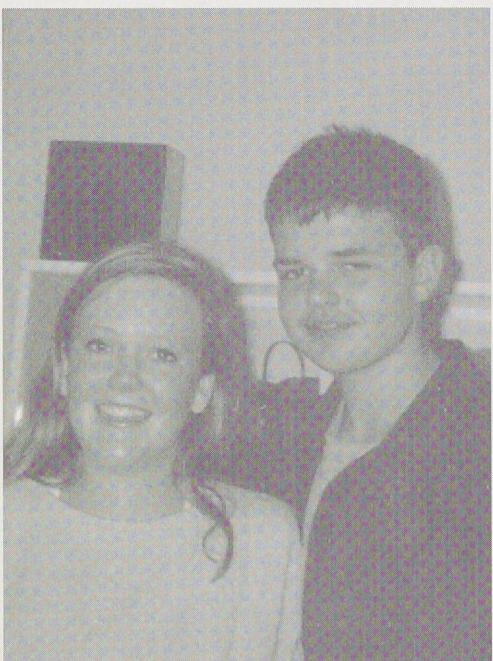


photo courtesy of Sarah Walton

Sarah spent the summer meeting sexy European men.

BIGGEST LIE:
**"I dated Dylan McKay.
 We met at an Idaho potato farm."**
-Sophomore Lacey Galbraith

Congratulations, Lacey! You're the winner!

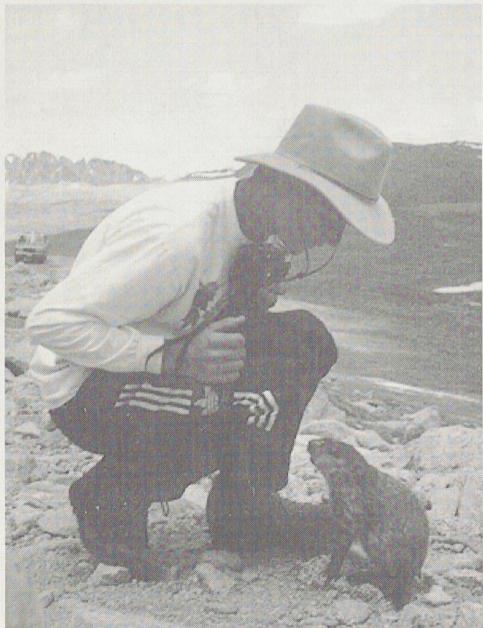


photo by Emily Compton

An Earthwatch Challenge Award winner communes with a wild marmot on Mt. Evans in Colorado.

The most interesting boy I met this summer was the traffic cop who gave me a ticket two days after I got my license.

-Junior Hallie Anderson

I discussed the parallels between quantum mechanics and Eastern religions with a guy with a mohawk on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial.

-Senior Shelley Holmer

While taking dramatic classes at Yale, I did a scene with a nude model from the Cleveland Institute of Art. Unfortunately, he was clothed.

-Senior Sacha Engel

I had an academically enriching summer. I took a strip tease class at Mont Eagle Sunday School Assembly.

-Senior Mary Wallace Patrick

I was with a bunch of guys in a boat and they ran into a dam.

-Anonymous

My boyfriend and I went innertubing. We wrecked and he flipped over my head and his innertube landed on me and he landed on his back in the water. I was airborne and still held on, bless God.

-Junior Dionne Gardner

When I went to Wyoming I stayed on a dude ranch and there were a lot of cute real cowboys.

-Senior Judith Howell

Guys are great to be with in the summer. They're fun, hot, tan, shirtless, and muscular. That's what girls go for.

-Freshmen Cristin Carter and Susanne Davis

Don Henley.

-Freshman Ashley Horne

There was a guy, Tahl, and we were talking, and this other girl came by and wanted to talk to him but he said, "No, I think I'll stay here and talk to Bev." Gosh, I miss him.

-Freshman Beverly Statland

At Amherst, we went to the Tanglewood Music Festival, and sat under the weeping willow listening to classical music.

-Junior Beth Davis

Looking at the stars in the clear sky with my summer fling. The best of all: I got to see my first shooting star with him!

-Anonymous

I enjoyed playing with my one-and-a-half year old nephew in the ocean

-Ms. Susan Rieder

I can't think of anything exciting right now, but I'll get back to you.

-Many anonymous students

One of the guys I played tennis with this summer invented a "Finish the NWA Rap Line" game, which, needless to say, I was rather bad at. I was, however, a little better at his "Name That Movie" game.

-Senior Malena Salberg

Junior experiences the French way of life

by Holly Whetsell

I was at JFK Airport, and I suddenly felt all clammy! My palms were sweaty, my heart was racing - what was I about to get myself into? As I glanced at the large group of Northeastern-looking kids with whom I knew I would be spending my summer, I was tempted to chase the plane for Nashville down the runway and grab onto a wing!!!

At the time I didn't know what an incredible summer experience it would be. As the group of twenty boarded the plane to Paris, I knew that this would be a summer I would never forget! After a night on the plane and eight hours on a train, we finally arrived in the Pyrenees mountains. Despite unbelievable fatigue and freezing to death in my summer clothes, I decided it couldn't get much better than this. Hiking, picnicking, swimming in hot springs, a trip to a disco in Spain and group bonding with those Northeasterners - could the rest of the summer be any better?

Next we were off to Arles, or, as the French say it, "AARRHHLLSSEES-HHH!" There, I stayed with a family for three weeks while going to the Rassias Language School during the mornings and on various excursions through France in the afternoons. During this time, I was totally immersed in the French language; my family did not speak a word of English, and unless I wanted to remain mute for nearly a month, I had to speak French. I kept thinking, "I wish Madame

Benn and Monsieur Tuzeneu could hear me now!"

I learned not only to speak French, but also how to adapt to customs that I am not used to at home. For example, most of the meals lasted for up to four hours, sometimes twice a day! bread is served right off the table cloth, French drivers have no fear, keys are huge and hard to work (I broke my gate key off the first day) and French kids still think Michael Jackson is the greatest!

Saying goodbye to my French family was like saying goodbye to three best friends. When my French sister took her favorite barrette out of her hair and put it in my hand as I was getting on the bus I thought, saying goodbye is the hardest thing I've ever had to do.

Then we went to Paris and a week of twelve-hour days without a stop. The Louvre, Musee D'Orsay, the Eiffel Tower, the Champs-Elysees, Versailles, shopping, restaurants, even an amusement park - you name it, we saw it. I could go on and on and on... with a lot more detail!

This experience was a once in a lifetime adventure. I learned, grew, saw, and most of all make friends from France and the United States who will last me a lifetime! If anyone is interested in this program, please see me. The Rassias Language Programs Abroad - if I could, I would go back again and again!



photo courtesy of Noni Nielsen

One of Noni's teammates canoes in an Alaskan lake

France...

(continued from page 5)

Jackson is the greatest!

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by Noni Nielsen

This past fall I was faced with the task of finding something new, exciting, and different to fill my summer days. For the past six years I had been going away to summer camp, but I faced the shocking truth that I was too old to return there. I'm far too impatient to stay at home and risk doing nothing, so I began my research. I had always dreamed of doing an Outward Bound or National Outdoor Leadership School (NOLS) course. Of course, I was interested in the adventure and fun, but I was also curious as to whether I could physically and mentally complete the course. In the end, I chose a month-long, sea-kayaking course in Prince William Sound, Alaska, sponsored by NOLS.

The course itself consisted of kayaking around the sound, camping along the way, watching animals,

learning survival techniques, and taking classes on everything from glaciology and geology to whales to the Exxon oil spill to first aid and communication. By the end of the month we had paddled about 220 miles, eaten lots of pasta, drunk 63 pounds of hot chocolate, and developed friendships with sixteen strangers from around the country. I definitely didn't go into the course blind to the situation, but I had not noticed that it would not get dark for the whole month or that we would be in a rainforest. It rained for fourteen of the 28 days and there was some sort of precipitation most of the other days. We learned to keep dry and warm so that after a few days the rain was of little consequence.

Though I could go on for pages about my wonderful summer experience, I will spare you all the details. However, here are a few of my journal entries:

George and me. It scared me to death. They look a lot bigger up close than they do from a few miles off with binoculars..."

"July 1... To make the day even better, as we got closer to camp, I finally saw a bear. He was rock climbing! It was a black bear and looked like a big crawling baby as he scaled the cliff. He was trying to get to the kitty-wake eggs..."

"July 7... When we pulled up to the beach, there were two mature and two immature bald eagles. They were amazing. I didn't understand how large their size was until they flew up close. During our meeting, one flew down and snatched up the discarded salmon left after it had been cleaned and filleted..."

This course was one of the greatest experiences I have ever had and I would recommend it to anyone who loves the outdoors. If anyone is interested in doing a trip like this, please contact me and I can give you information.

"June 30... We saw a lot of sea lions, and they came up right between all of our boats... When we were halfway through the crossing, a humpback whale surfaced about 30-50 feet from



Emily and Sarah Davis, Class of '92, and their sister, Seventh Grader Allison Davis

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Teenage poets invade Vandy

by Anjali Shenai

This summer I attended the Young Fugitives Writer's Workshop, held on the Vanderbilt campus. When I was presented with the idea of going, I looked at the high cost and immediately pushed the idea into the back of my brain. For a while I did not even want to consider going to the camp.

I tried to justify my reluctance by saying that it would probably be "really boring." My parents somehow saw through the fact that I was trying to spare them yet another cost. They did not want to deprive me of a life-changing experience and encouraged me to go. I eagerly accepted their offer and began to look forward to the one week I would have on my own, living a college-like life. I would be living in a dorm, attending classes, and enjoying free access to the recreation center at Vanderbilt.

Before I registered, I was a little tentative, and I had a feeling that things were going to fall to pieces. I knew only a few of the seventy-two people who went to the camp. Though I was worried at first, working with strangers turned out to be a great advantage. I was able to talk to many interesting

people I never would have met otherwise.

To start the day, the counselors ran through the hall banging on the dorm room doors at about 7:30. We had until 8:30 to walk across what seemed like miles to get to Rand Cafeteria, where we ate slop that resembled food.

After eating, we had to walk back to the dorms to go to Opening Meeting. At these meetings we were exposed to other ways of expressing our feelings besides writing. We learned about sensory focus and we got in touch with our senses. A professional dancer came and tried to lead us in expressive movement, but everyone was too embarrassed to dance. Two actresses came to perform for us and encourage the hopefuls; we saw a fifteen-minute movie made by a Hillsboro High School student; some songwriters came and discussed the music industry in Nashville, and several real, published writers came to tell us about their experiences and to read from their books.

For entertainment, we had live music. One night, Barry Gilmore, one of the teachers at the camp, performed with his group, "Bards of a Feather." We

had an "open mike" night when Fugitives could get up to read their writing. Then, after 8:00, we had free time. About ten of us stayed up every night and "bonded." We told fortunes, played on the swings, watched movies, ordered pizzas and tried to stay up as late as we could. Of course we all had tons of energy at night, but were exhausted the next morning.

I had the time of my life at the Young Fugitives Writers Workshop. Our teachers, one of whom was Ms. Margaret Renkl, were called "mentors" at camp, and they all lived up to that name. I made friendships that will last forever, and found many other people who share my opinions on many things. I learned how to write for myself occasionally instead of always writing for an audience. I learned the meaning of the word "independence." I created memories that will last a lifetime. Although we had fun, we spent a lot of time writing and some of the talents there made even my best work seem ordinary. I would definitely encourage any of you to go to this camp, but only if you are serious about improving your writing skills.

DEATH BECOMES US

by Julie Asbury and Sarah Phillips

We are proud to announce that this is the first in a series of articles focusing on solutions for the lack of social opportunities in Nashville.

Although Nashville is the beloved home of country music, stone Athenas, and people who vote for guys named Boner, poor unfortunate souls who have dwelt in the city of Barbara Mandrell's One Hour Moto Photo, and SAP presentations since birth, realize that Nashville offers very little social entertainment for high school

students. Now, however, Nashvillians need not lose hope, for we are about to enlighten you with a cure to lift you from the depths of boredom. This summer, we discovered that a few friends, facial makeup, Hershey's Syrup, a camera, and a demented imagination can keep you from being bored to death (no pun intended).

Even though we both have a revulsion for horror flicks themselves, the illusion of blood, gore and body mutilations interest us. Using our artistic inclinations and license, we decided to play dead. Once we got started, we found it really very easy to look corpus

mortis. Here are a few helpful hints for you sepulchral makeover.

1. Makeup - Dig out that blue, purple, pink, gray, and green eyeshadow you've kept well hidden since the mid-eighties. It works great for creating bruises. Apply a light base or concealer on face and lips followed with a layer about one-half inch thick of baby powder, to achieve that "I just died" pallor.

2. Blood - For the campy blood fests, buckets o' blood is a must; however, only a minimal amount is required for realistic mutilations. Here is the recipe for a realistic red blood concoction: combine a

mixture of Hershey's syrup, ketchup, and a few drops of red food dye.

NOTE: If you wish to achieve the crusty blood effect, it is best to leave the mixture outside for a few days, or nuke the sucker in the microwave.

3. Props - Most anything that looks sharp or pain inflicting is useful, but we feel that sheets, plastic, tree-branches, flowers, candles, scar-skin, fake knives, and golf clubs can add a certain gruesome effect.

4. Subjects - At least two people are needed, but the old rule still applies: "the more the merrier." Remember to choose people who are willing to get bloody, or operate the camera.

5. Ideas - This is probably the hardest part, and should be left up to you, but for your convenience we have supplied a list of ideas to get those morbid juices flowing: Someone could have frozen to death, drowned, been

stabbed, shot, decapitated, poisoned, beaten, chain sawed, chopped into pieces, had their brains sucked out of their nose, a pencil through their eye, an icepick in their heart, a fork in their kidney, or if you are really lucky and have a lot of friends, you could have a massacre, or reenact a war!

6. Rules - Finally, there are only two rules to die by:

1. The more creative you are, the better.

2. No real blood should be shed. This is all in good fun, and should not be a sadistic excuse for you to get revenge on your friends through bodily torture.

We hope we have successfully provided you with an alternative activity so entertaining it could raise the dead. So, we leave you to be gruesome and morbid on your own... Make us proud!

Ms. Phillips's and Ms. Asbury's perspective does not necessarily reflect that of *Logos II*.



photo courtesy of Sarah Phillips

Twin Peaks II: Who killed Junior Sarah Phillips?

Before Christian Laettner, there was *Forever's Team*

by Malena Salberg

John Feinstein
Forever's Team
Simon & Schuster, 1989
372p.

An avid Basketball fan, I found myself in mid-June, the beginning of the off-season, living a life with no direction or purpose. I searched far and wide, through every medium, for more basketball info to stify the hunger in my soul, and hit upon a book that expresses not only the suspensful action of college basketball, but the love of the game that each player, coach, and true fan feels.

Forever's Team, by John Feinstein, recounts the trials and tribulations of the 1977-1978 Duke University Basketball team, who went from last place in the Atlantic Coast Conference to second place in the country. Feinstein, normally chief feature writer for *The*

National-American's Sports Daily, has over the years cultivated a flair for the commentary in sports writing, and *Forever's Team* is a masterpiece of features and sports writing.

The book is not merely a list of a team's wins and loses; it is about the boys and men behind the statistics: a coach leaving a successful Utah team to rebuild a Duke team that goes far beyond his expectations; one senior hoping for his last chance at stardom; a junior and a sophomore who realize the future is now; and two freshmen thrown into the high-pressure basketball world as 1st year starters. Together, Coach Bill Foster, Senior Bruce Bell, Junior Jim Spanarkel, Sophomore Mike Gminski, and Freshmen Gene Banks, and Kenny Dennard, along with 8 other players and 3 coaches, 3 managers, and a trainer,

came within 4 points of beating Kentucky in the NCAA finals. The joyride ended there, however.

Forever's Team is also about a loss of innocence. Though the team in 1978-79 was almost exactly the same, their outlook on basketball was quite different. A team once concerned only with having fun suddenly began to wilt in the spotlight. The team was a team no longer, just a group of basketball players concerned only with playing time and statistics. And basketball can not be easily won by those who do not love the game. Likewise, this Blue Devil team never came close to their potential again. Each player goes his separate way after graduation with the dream of what could have been.

Perhaps the most moving part of the book is an update on each player. (continued on page 8)

by Crispin Davis

Have you ever found yourself bored on a Sunday night? Are you looking for a serious, romantic and cultural relationship with guys named after dairy products? Hooter's Bar and Grill could be the place for you.

A committee of Harpeth Hellions took it upon themselves to research this new facet of Sunday night entertainment. One might ask herself, what can Hooter's offer besides tasteless waitresses in orange shorts shorter than any Harpeth Hall skirt?

Hooter's located in Fountain Square, prides itself on its sand volleyball court.

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The court provides free, safe Sunday night entertainment. According to Emily Hatch, the court also serves as "an overwhelming experience and a unique way to meet many people while getting exercise."

When asked what she thought of the people, Sara Brown said, "Sure you definitely see some interesting people with names like Sweet-milk, but they are absolutely hilarious and fun to be around. Their big personalities make up for their physical flaws."

If you're broke and bored, go to Hooter's, 'cause it's guaranteed to add a little somethin' to your life.

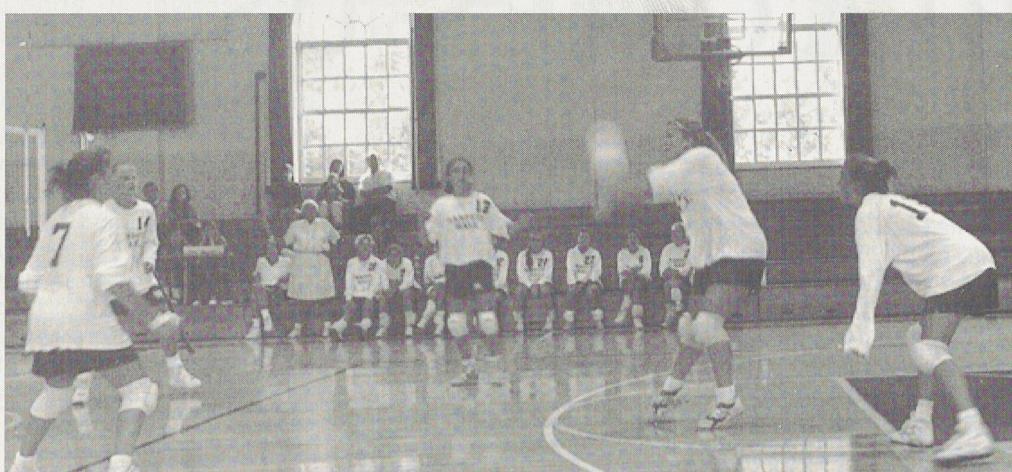


photo by Sarah Walton

Teamwork is the key to the volleyball team's success.

Coming next issue:
All the highlights of the 1992 Volleyball season!

Soccer

By Amy Lowen

The 1992 soccer season has begun with enthusiasm. The thirty member team first assembled in August at a Vanderbilt soccer camp. Because of the large, enthusiastic group of new members on the soccer team including nine freshman and two juniors and the returning Heather Hodde, Amy Lowen, and Aimee Blount, a sense of optimism and team unity could already be felt at the camp. Only four players were lost from last year's team, and the Bears felt there was only room for improvement.

Unfortunately, the '92 team has been plagued with as many injuries (those darn knees!) as last year's squad. However, the team has gelled quite well despite, or perhaps because of, these hardships.

The first scrimmage against U.S.N. was won easily. The Bears then headed to St. Cecilia's tournament and played fairly well, but lost to both Franklin and Hendersonville and tied both Riverdale and Gallatin.



photo by Sarah Walton

Senior Mary Brooke Akers aids fallen Freshman Crissy Wieck

The team rolled into its first official game against Riverdale feeling confident and came out with a 2-0 hard-fought victory. The Bears then lost to both the powerful Brentwood High (3-1) and the rough Gallatin (2-0). Despite the losses, the team played well, combining streaks of brilliance with wonderfully executed bloopers.

As a member of the team, I'd like to take this opportunity to ask for the support of the school. As any one of the players will tell you, a little cheering helps

immensely to increase hustle as well as enthusiasm. Soccer is an exciting sport, and Harpeth Hall's team is definitely worth watching!

Over the river and through the woods

by Kate Terry

Running. The idea makes only a few of us reach for our Nikes. Cross country is about running and being mentally tough. The people who compete in cross country are those who are willing to challenge the clock, the course, competitors, and themselves. The sport is made for the individual runner but also requires team spirit and unity.

This year, the Harpeth Hall team has been working hard. Their determination is evident in the 5 or 6 miles each team member runs during practice. Seniors Emily Compton and Ashley Richter, Juniors Dawn Craddock and Lindsey Orcutt, Sophomores Emily Bond, Becky Clark, Jean Davis Dana Deaton, Lacey Galbraith, Tiffany Gaston and Cary Sawyer, Jill Voss, Freshmen Cristin Carter, Jennifer Kain, Robin Queen, Kristine West and Elizabeth Workman are this season's athletes. Senior Meredith Scoville and Junior Kate Terry are the managers.

Coach Susan Russ is looking forward to the season: "I'm really excited about this year's team. We've got a lot of people running and a lot of new talent. I've been pleased with most of our workouts and I expect to see some great results."

It's true that some of the team is new to running distance competitively, but Cary Sawyer reassures us,

"Cross-country is not as scary as it sounds, but it's challenging. We all really have a good time together so I like it."

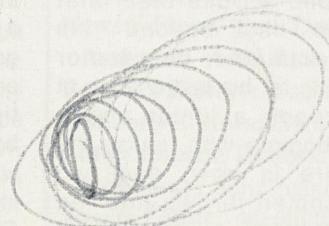
Lindsey Orcutt gives some insight: "The team is closer than it has been for the past two years. Hopefully we can pull through as a team to win the State Championship."

What most people don't know about cross-country is what these runners put up with during practice and competition. The terrain varies from sand to gravel to dirt to grass. There are hills, sometimes mountains, to be run up and down. There are trees, branches, roots, holes, rocks, and bugs to avoid. But those aren't really the main concern. It's the weather. Mud and wet grass are particularly hard to run on (especially uphill). Cooler weather which may accompany rain can cause muscles to tighten, risking a pull or strain. Heat can cause dehydration and cramps.

An athlete's true strength comes from concentration. Being mentally tough is a quality each person must perfect during workouts. This toughness enables the runner to block out pain and concentrate on the race.

The Harpeth Hall team has the capability of being the best. Great job, Honeybears!!

The Harpeth Hall School
3801 Hobbs Road
Nashville, Tennessee 37215



Forever's Team...

(continued from page 7)

Feinstein hunted down each player and coach in 1989 to ask him what now is his outlook on basketball and life. Separated from the pressures of the time, most of the men had very interesting things to say about their love of the game.

To enjoy this book, one need not be a basketball lover; on the contrary, a book like this can cultivate a true love of the game of basketball. *Forever's Team* is a beautiful depiction of the sport, and a parable of many of life's important lessons